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Gratitude and Contrition

BY HERBERT L. WILLETT

And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee . . . that he might humble thee, to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no. Deuteronomy 8:2.

THE custom of observing a day of national thanksgiving is one item in the inheritance that has descended to our people from the Puritan founders of New England. It is the one day in the calendar in which the nation as such is invited to participate in an act of worship. Other days there are in which some of the people celebrate events of religious nature, and there are days of special observance in which religion may receive some recognition. But Thanksgiving day is unique in the fact that it is a religious festival, designated by the chief magistrate of the nation and the executives of the various states as a time for nation-wide acknowledgement to God of the blessings received at his hand.

Thanksgiving day is a holy and a happy compromise between two extremes of national behavior. In some parts of the world religion of a formal sort has taken over one by one an ever growing list of days appropriated to saints and religious celebrations until the calendar is burdened with an accumulation of ecclesiastical debris which interferes with daily life to an almost intolerable degree. The traveler, unacquainted with the intricacies of the liturgical almanac is constantly confronted with the sign across the doors of art galleries, museums and other places of public interest, "A Saint's day, and no entrance." On the other hand,

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in some lands the anti-clerical spirit is attempting to exclude all religious observances from popular life and reduce all things to the pagan plane. We do well in America to avoid either of these extremes, and to preserve in our national program a balanced and wholesome place for spiritual interests.

It is the habit of our chief executives who issue thanksgiving proclamations to recount the material advantages which the nation has enjoyed during the year as causes for gratitude. This is appropriate. No people should be forgetful of such benefits as abundant harvests, industrial and commercial prosperity, and the development of educational and civic activities. These, with the expansion of ethical and religious interests, are usually regarded as the basic causes for public thankfulness such as call for suitable observance of Thanksgiving day. We are not at war with any nation. Our relations with the rest of the world are measurably friendly. In spite of depression and drouth business and agriculture have maintained a reasonable level. We have not suffered from famine or pestilence. No great public calamity has darkened the sky. We have most of the conventional reasons for national gratitude.

Real Reasons for Thanksgiving

Indeed, we have far more of the ordinary type of "blessings" than can be associated with moments in the past in which there has been genuine outpouring of popular devotion, penitence and gratitude. If in colonial days, when the recently arrived pilgrims were few in number, their ranks thinned by sickness, their safety menaced by savage beasts and still more savage men, and the prospects of the little colony far from cheering, the fathers of the community had cause to proclaim a day of thanksgiving that their fortunes were no worse, how much more have we! If in revolutionary times, when the cause of liberty seemed hopeless, and the continental army was in desperate straits for food and clothing, the leaders of the colonies in the congress and the field had cause to proclaim a day of thanksgiving for the measure of blessing enjoyed at the hand of divine Providence, how much more have we! If in the days of civil strife, when the nation was torn asunder and the hopes that had been built up for a united and happy people in the western world seemed frustrated, the President found cause to set apart a day for the public expression of gratitude for the blessings enjoyed and the measure of confidence still felt for a happy issue out of present evils, how much more have we! If in the period of the world war, when civilization seemed in peril, and new and more deadly devices were being contrived for the destruction of mankind, the nation had cause to observe with unfailing remembrance the grounds for appreciation of the divine favor, how much more have we!

Hebrew tradition recounted an address made by Moses to the people of Israel toward the end of his leadership, when he recalled to them the experiences of their wilderness journey, and warned them in solemn tones of the dangers ahead. The theme of his review of their adventures was the value of the hardships encountered by the way as the means by which their God was attempting to educate them for their national career. It was not their easy successes, but the difficulties they had met and overcome on which their prophetic guide laid emphasis as the ground for gratitude and the encouragement to coming achievement. The events which had caused them most concern and baffled their most eager expectation had turned to their larger advantage. And the chief avail from these disciplinary tests was the spirit of humility, penitence and gratitude which was the basis of future success if they had the wit to make it their own.

Happy is the people that can take from its past experiences the high profit of such correction. And few nations in the current of history have had greater need of admonition and amendment than our own nation at this moment. The present purpose is to attempt to audit present conditions, critical and disquieting as they are, as the justification for profound and humbling gratitude that a moment has arrived so stressful that it must awaken all men and women of good will to urgent effort, if indeed it is true that we still possess the intelligence and the courage to work out our national salvation.

The danger hours of history have not been the times of tragedy and suffering. They have been the periods of easygoing optimism. The nations that have fallen as the victims of overwhelming and annihilating conquest have been few in comparison with those that have sunk into moral decay, and perished through failure to apprehend aright the dangers of their prosperity. In such a moment of peril stands the American people today. The silly talk about the dangers of invasion from abroad and the need of armed preparation for such emergencies leaves us cold, as it always will. But the real dangers are at the doors, like the Persians at the gates of Babylon, and gratitude is due for any shocks that can arouse our cities and countryside to the more insidious and imminent hazards near at hand.

Prosperity and Adversity

The most common topic of discussion at the moment is the widespread business depression. The causes are partly evident and partly cryptic. No one need be told that one of them, perhaps the chief, has been the continued prosperity that followed the war period, when colossal fortunes were made out of the materials that were being used to wreck civilization. The list of American millionaires went up with bounds. Along with this, in the years that followed, a score of new mechanical processes were discovered that yielded fortunes to their promoters, and all forms of business shared in the continuance of "good times." The margins of American life were broad. To men of other lands they seemed incredible. The rest of the world has seen its productive opportunities gradually narrowed down, and stands astonished and envious at the spectacle of American opulence. Speculation and inflation came as the natural results of this astonishing opportunity. The United States like other nations has never had a scientific and substantial program of business direction and control. Its commercial enter-

rises have been opportunistic and competitive.

Some few attempts have been made to formulate usiness policies of a constructive nature, but these have one only a little way as yet. Among them are the learing-house system of the banks, and the federal re-erve organization from which so much has been hoped. n fact it was believed to be the solvent of commercial ls and the preventive of those periodic seasons of hard times" from which business has always suffered. These hopes have not been realized, and the present ollapse of business may be the prelude to more dis-strous days than the nation has ever seen. Already

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he army of the unemployed has grown to portentous limensions. The numbers of men who are walking the treets in search of work or even of a meal is beginning o be terrifying, and every relief agency is confronted vith the most serious problem in its career. By the nidwinter time we may have riot and revolution.

Sensible business men are saying with deep convic-ion that something is wrong in the entire business tech-nique of the nation, and that such times are not neces-ary. That if the associations of commerce were aboratories of research into the basic principles of busi-ness rather than talk-fests, or if the government, which s composed for the most part of novices in other do-nains than that of party politics, were to select a body of trained and experienced men to formulate a policy of commercial procedure for the nation, with authority, ike the interstate commerce commission, to enforce its ruling, a beginning could be made toward the nor-nalization of industry and commerce. There is des-perate need for the suppression of speculation and gambling which are the chief menaces of business today, and the protection of business, great and small, and of the public at large, from the predatory and unscrupulous practices which are the disgrace and the menace of the "street."

If the present debacle which is affecting every part of the nation, and threatens, in spite of all well-intentioned optimistic propaganda, to become far more tragic before winter ends, can bring our people to a humbling sense of the sins of speculation, of gambling, of extravagance and selfishness, we may well be grateful for the visitation, and count it among the items in the Thanksgiving day list of blessings.

Awakening to the Crime Scourge

A source of even greater alarm to the citizenship not only of the larger cities but even of the smaller communities is the widespread reign of crime of which the daily press makes constant disclosure. Robbery, murder, gambling, racketeering, political corruption, and the disregard of law are the outstanding features of the news that is spread broadcast over the land. Something of this condition is a legacy from the war, one of whose by-products is always the cheapening of human life and the relaxing of every form of social control. Another cause of the prevalent era of crime is the enormous profit to be made from the unsocial practices which gangsters and hoodlums have devised, such as bootlegging, racing concessions, gambling privileges, the management of dives, and the other schemes for plundering the public, in which vast corruption funds are expended in securing the cooperation or the silence of the police, the courts and the newspapers.

These conditions, bad as they are, do not obtrude themselves upon the notice of decent citizens, except as they are compelled to read their record from day to day. There may even be a certain grim satisfaction in the gangland massacres that carry off their toll of underworld toughs. And probably conditions are not worse even in the most crime-ridden of our cities than they have been in other ages in the chief towns of the world where vice ruled unmolested, and there were no instruments of public information. In former times people submitted tamely to the infamies of tyrants, or suffered in silence the outbreaks of mob violence. But in our time such a state of affairs becomes increasingly intolerable. There is at least the gesture of popular control, and the pretence of decent officialdom.

The encouraging aspect of the crime situation is that it has reached such appalling dimensions that it becomes too expensive to be longer endured. People will tolerate any degree of misrule that does not cut too deeply into their resources. Their arousal comes when they find themselves plundered to an extent that even a tolerant and indolent citizenship discovers to be outrageous and impoverishing. Then they will consent to take a hand in public matters, and turn out the plunderbund. Some of the worst oppressed of our great towns have reached that stage at last. In Chicago, which is probably in no worse condition proportionate to its population than other American cities, it can be proved that a hundred and forty millions of dollars are squandered every year in wasted revenues, through

the corrupt practices of political gangsters; one hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars are paid by business concerns to racketeers, the blood-suckers of legitimate industries; and two hundred millions of dollars are taken from the people in one form or another of organized crime. This means that almost a half billion of dollars is taken out of the purses of the citizens of one municipality alone, through the lack of efficiency in the selection and support of honest and public-spirited men and women to take charge of city and county affairs.

Public Spirit Is Aroused

The wastage that results from this indifference to the manner in which public affairs are handled falls on every family and individual in the metropolitan area. It results in the necessity of organizing otherwise unneeded agencies to perform the service which is the function of the right sort of government, such as the bureau of charities, the crime commission, law and order leagues, vigilance associations, juvenile protective agencies, better government associations, anti-saloon leagues, and other guardian and relief organizations, not one of which would be needed in a rightly governed city.

And the church itself is one of the chief sufferers in this failure of government, for the economic burden which falls on it as the result of crime and plundering is not less than two and a half times its total budget for buildings, current expenses, missions and benevolences. One of the reasons for profound gratitude in this time of thanksgiving is the fact that these burdens that crime imposes are becoming so heavy that the decent citizens are rising up to demand relief, and to offer their services in a campaign of information and civic emancipation. It is truly a time for thoughtful and humbling self-criticism, penitence and amendment.

The Unmasking of War

Another cause for gratitude is the increased unmasking of war propaganda in American life, and the growing evidence that it must be met with a vigilant and ceaseless campaign of repression and correction. The promoters of militarism, whether they belong to the army and navy group or are citizens impressed with the fancied need of greater war strength as a protection against foreign aggression, are employing every available means for the creation of public opinion favorable to increased armaments and to military training for all men of draft age. At every session congress is urged to increase its appropriation to military and naval budgets, sometimes to figures which would argue immediate and alarming emergencies. Every effort to reduce the personnel and strength of either branch of the service is resisted as though it were treasonable, and the nation were in actual peril. Military camps are organized in many parts of the land in the summer, and constant appeals are sent to men in civilian occupations to join under the dual inducements of patriotism and the benefits of the discipline. At such times the machinery of the postal department is enlisted for promotional purposes, and the mail carries the official imprint of military solicitation.

Desperate efforts are being made to interpret the land grant laws relating to schools and colleges in terms of obligatory military training for the student body, and many such institutions are led to cooperate with this reading of the law either because of the pressure of official influence, the presumptive advantage of government aid in funds or equipment, or the desire to have a military unit for display on public occasions.

The growing sentiment of disapproval of this system, on the part of college faculties, and the increasing difficulty of recruiting cadet companies among the students is having marked effect on this phase of educational activity. And a recent decision of the attorney general upholds the right of such institutions to place military training on an optional rather than a compulsory basis. It has been argued that the Morrill Act of 1862 made military training compulsory on all students in land grant institutions. In 1923 the department of the interior ruled that this feature of the curriculum might be regarded as optional rather than required, and this view has now received the approval of the attorney general. This will have the effect of reducing still further the number of colleges that offer such instruction, and this is a hopeful sign.

Our Country and World Peace

The nation needs a modest military force for service in such emergencies as now and then unhappily arise, such as riots or mob uprisings. We have special training schools for men who devote their lives to army and navy interests, to serve at such times, and to provide the nucleus for an army in the remote contingency of war. Such a military force serves as a more general police body, and as such it is worthy of the best personnel and equipment. The same is true of the navy. Coast patrol and protection are valuable to a reasonable degree. But beyond the modest needs of a peace-loving people for military and naval policing, every company added to the army and every warship floated as an augmentation of naval strength is so much notice served upon the other nations that the United States is distrustful of the value of treaties and covenants of peace, and is willing to depend only on the ancient and discredited arguments of arms.

It is only the stronger peoples that can bring peace to the world. They alone can make overtures of good will without being suspected of cowardice. Of all the nations our own is the strongest, in wealth, in man power and in moral influence. The reasons for our unpopularity abroad as well as on the western continent are found in the combination of vainglorious patriotism and military and commercial menace. Neither of these qualities is characteristic of the true-born American, and the increasing recognition of their spurious and discreditable nature is one of the hopeful signs of the times, and a cause for sincere thankfulness. The institution and the spirit of war belong to a crude and a pagan age. We may have wars in the future. Alarmists predict them, and those who

profit by them, munition makers, money lenders and the jingo press, are doing all they can to make them inevitable. But if we have wars, after the terrible disillusionment of the world struggle, they within wide limits will be of our own making. This fact is becoming increasingly evident. And for it and its implications men of good will should be profoundly grateful.

Self-Government

Another of the causes for thankfulness is found in the deep stirrings in the hearts of men in all lands in behalf of self-determination, self-government and all that is implied by democracy. These hopes were aroused in large degree by the world war and were among its few useful by-products. They were not realized when peace came, and seemed in large measure to be lost. But in our day they have been revived with a fervor which takes no denial and reveals one of the most impressive influences of Christianity even beyond the limits of its professed acceptance. China is in the throes of a new birth, a process which may continue for years to come, but which can have only the issue either of democracy or of dictatorship, which is itself a step toward a democracy for which the people are not yet prepared. India is awakening from the sleep of centuries to demand control of her industries and her liberties of which she believes herself to have been deprived for a century by a more aggressive and masterful people.

Russia is trying experiments which are the result of centuries of oppression, ignorance and superstition, experiments that are not very well understood by the rest of the world, and perhaps not very thoroughly by her own leaders, but which cannot leave her as she was. They must issue at last in a new social order, a larger intelligence and a firmer basis of moral life. Turkey has astonished the world by shaking off, not indeed without bloodshed and revolution, the shackles of ancient despotism and making a sincere and apparently successful effort to secure for herself the place in the sun to which she is entitled, and to which education, governmental reforms and the emancipation of women are gradually but surely promoting her.

The Price of Liberty

The list might be amplified. Nations nearer home are passing through profound changes, governmental, educational, social and religious. In all of this mutation the leaven of Christianity has had its part. Some of the changes have been alarming. The breaking of old customs and traditions in response to the demand for freedom is not always constructive. The price demanded in the name of liberty is sometimes high. But the stirring of the human spirit under the impulses which the gospel, the study of science and the larger control which our age of machinery has ushered in, have compelled the world to a new mood. It is a mood of questioning, of investigation, and of determination to find a more satisfying and worthful way of life. And that inquiring and determined mood is the promise of better days ahead, of expanding knowledge, a firmer basis for morality and religion, and an increasing realization of the ideals which Jesus taught and illustrated twenty centuries ago.

We may well be grateful that we are living in difficult and stressful times. No age has ever confronted more perplexing questions, nor faced more perilous situations. There is a chance today for great adventure. There is the sound of battle in the air. There are dangerous and desperate enemies of the home, the community, and the state. The venturesome and reckless spirit is working tragedy in the lives of some of our youth. Parents are being deeply disturbed by the speech, the conduct and the companionship of their children. But not as many parents are thus agitated as ought to be. In many instances the problem is not with flaming youth but with unconcerned middle life. It is a fortunate thing when trouble awakens a household to its deeper danger. The tendency to tamper with life through the breaking of wholesome laws, the social customs that promote gambling, whether in private or on the stock market, the use of intoxicants in a manner to fracture legal enactments and jeopardize happiness and success, and the relaxing of the bonds of domestic sanctity resulting in undermining the foundations of all forms of loyalty, these are perils which are made attractive by a degraded stage, a vicious press, and a debased section of society.

Toward the Kingdom of God

It is fortunate that these excesses are characteristic of only a small part of our people. The great majority of Americans are untouched by the noxious conditions that prevail in certain areas of social and public life, save as all evil conduct imposes a burden on the entire community. It is proof of the fact that we have yet much ground to traverse in reaching the social estate which Jesus called the kingdom of God. There is much yet to be done, and never more than today. For this we ought to be grateful. We can pray with true humility and gratitude the prayer first voiced by President Hyde, "Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks that this thy world is incomplete." Man is not yet finished. We are in the making still. The goal of nobler personal character, of a more restrained and efficient society, of a citizenship that is sensitive to its political responsibilities in a democracy, and of a national consciousness of good will and helpfulness toward all the peoples of the world, is in view, though not as near as we could wish. The surest promise of its attainment is found in the practice of those ancient and homely virtues to which the leaders of Israel and the Master called their people of old, and which have been builded into the moral fabric of all later civilization.

If in the days when Moses was leading his people within sight of the promised land he had cause to recall the dangers already passed, the perils of the present, and the need of humility, penitence and gratitude joined with high resolution and courage to meet the new emergencies, how much more have we!

Talking Peace and Thinking War

By Charles E. Jefferson*

They have healed the hurt of my people slightly, saying peace, peace; when there is no peace. Jeremiah 6:14.

WHO said that? Jeremiah was sure God said it. These words he dares to put into the mouth of God. Of whom is God speaking? The prophets and priests of Israel, the anointed leaders of the church, the ordained teachers of religion, the official spiritual guides of the nation. It is they who have healed the hurt of God's people slightly. They have been worthless surgeons. They have not examined the wound carefully nor probed it thoroughly. They have not gone deep enough. They have not found out how dangerous the wound is. They have spoken smooth words to make everybody feel comfortable. With beautiful phrases they have covered over ugly facts. The nation is sick and they have made light of its illness. They have said "peace, peace," when there is no peace. Our theme today is "Talking Peace and Thinking War."

This is the eighteenth day of May, the thirty-first anniversary of the opening of the first Hague peace conference. That conference was called in the year 1899 by the czar of Russia. That is a great date in the history of the world. For a generation that event has been celebrated every year by groups of peace lovers in various quarters of the Christian world. Since the world war the churches have for the most part made Armistice day the day for the annual peace celebration, the eighteenth day of May being turned over to the instruction of boys and girls in the duty and grace of international good will. It is fitting this year that a peace sermon should be preached in this month in all our churches because the recent naval conference in London is uppermost in all our minds. Now is a good time to take a survey of the world situation and to appraise the significance of the conference which has recently adjourned.

Was the Conference a Failure?

The purpose of this sermon is to clarify our minds in regard to the achievements of the London conference and to call attention to certain revelations which the conference has made. Many persons are at present perplexed in regard to the outcome of the conference. Some think it a failure, while others think it a success. I presume we all have practically the same experience when we come to grapple with intricate problems which stir up controversy. We find it difficult to ascertain the facts and we find it still more difficult to arrive at satisfying conclusions. Papers, magazines and books told us different stories. Reporters, editors, interpreters, commentators and experts presented us such clashing opinions that we found ourselves wandering in a fog. The most of us have little time for reading and still less time for thinking, and all we can do is to snatch up the odds and ends of other men's opinions, leaving us at last with no definite convictions of our own. It is fitting that in the house of prayer we should think carefully and reverently about one of the outstanding events of our generation.

Let us begin with the question, what did the conference fail to do? It was called for the purpose of securing a five-power treaty on reduction in naval armaments. It failed to secure a five-power treaty. The aim was to induce the United States and Great Britain and France and Italy and Japan to put their names to a treaty which would reduce the naval equipment of these five nations. Such a treaty was not signed. The most which could be achieved was a three-power treaty. In Washington, in 1922, a five-power treaty was signed. That was considered almost a miracle but the miracle could not be repeated. The delegates to the conference had to be content with a treaty signed only by the United States and Great Britain and Japan. This was a disappointment.

Cruisers and Submarines

The second disappointment was the failure of the conference to reduce cruiser tonnage. The conference at Washington City had restricted the building of battleships but no agreement could be reached in regard to cruisers. One reason why the London conference was called was to work out the problem of cruisers. But alas, the London conference did not reduce the tonnage of cruisers. On the contrary, it increased it. It gave us the privilege of building more cruisers.

The third failure of the conference was the failure to reduce the number of aircraft carriers. It had been hoped that the figure agreed on in Washington in 1922 might be reduced. But to reduce it was found impossible. The Washington figure still stands.

The conference failed to enter upon a course looking for the complete abolition of the battleship. Great Britain wanted to do this, so also did Italy. We objected and so it was not done.

The conference refused to abolish the submarine. We were ready to do it, so also was Great Britain, but France objected and so also did Japan. We are still to be plagued by the submarine.

These were the five failures of the conference. Because of these failures many are ready to pronounce the conference a complete failure. The cynics have been saying, "I told you so. You never can get anywhere by disarmament conferences. The nations have always fought and they will fight to the last day." Others more radical declare that the conference did harm. The situation is now worse than it was. New complications have been created and bad feelings have been aroused which it will take a generation to recover from.

But while the conference did not accomplish all that had been hoped for, there were several things attained

* Dr. Jefferson preached this sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle on May 18, 1930, shortly after the close of the London Peace Conference.

which should not be overlooked. In the first place, the conference extended what is called the naval holiday. This means a period in which no additional battleships can be built. By the Washington conference this period was made ten years. Since the Washington conference not a new battleship has been built by any of the five nations participating in that conference. This time has now been extended five years. It is not a long extension, but it is encouraging. The conference

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reduced the battleships of the three contracting nations by nine. Nine capital ships are to be scrapped. The fleets are to be reduced to the extent of 230,000 tons. It is not much but it is something. The conference reduced the submarine tonnage. The reduction is not great but it is not to be despised. The conference reduced the tonnage of destroyers. Here again the reduction is slight, but though slight it is a cause for thanksgiving.

The fifth achievement of the conference was in the world of the spirit. This conference helped to establish more firmly the habit of nations to gather around a table for the discussion of international affairs. It is a good habit and the oftener it is practiced the better it will be for mankind. Representatives of five great nations cannot come together for ninety days and talk over matters of common concern without forming friendships which will endure as long as life lasts. It is impossible for able and noble men to meet face to face and converse with one another for three months without a widening of the mind and a broadening of the heart. No man returned from that conference without a heightened estimate of the people of the other nations with which he had been dealing. There is a better understanding now than there was before the conference met and the fact that this conference was held will only prepare the way for another. We are forming the habit of conferring on our problems of international conduct and the London conference was only one in a long series of conferences which are certain to be held.

Reasons for Optimism

And so our secretary of state, Mr. Stimson, is justified, I think, in his optimism. He told the boys and girls of this country over the radio that the conference was a long step toward world peace. If you wonder how he could make a statement so cheery you must remember that he understands the situation better than we do. He knows the obstacles to be grappled with, and the difficulties to be conquered, and the tremendous forces working against world peace which must be combatted and overcome, and so he feels that any advance, however slight, is to be reckoned a glorious success. He sees that the path to peace is "a series of successive steps" and he rejoices that another step in the series has been taken. There is only one word in his statement which I should care to change and that is the word "long." A step has indeed been taken but it is hardly a long step. And yet, though short, it is not to be sneered at. It was a step upward, and a step upward must of necessity be short. When one is climbing a mountain, and especially when he is climbing the mountain of God, a step cannot be long, but a short step upward counts for more than a longer step on the level. We are no doubt higher than we were.

The London conference was a great illumination. It revealed as by a flash of lightning two facts which we ought to ponder. It showed us the limitations of the power of our political officials. We talk about our "rulers" and are often misled by the sound of the word "ruler." We assume that they are dictators, whereas they are only our servants. They can do only what the people permit them to do. The world is in the grip of democracy, and in a democracy it is public opinion which determines what can be done.

Great Men of Peace

When the London conference was called, conditions seemed well nigh perfect. We have a President who is a Quaker. He is a sincere lover of peace. He works always in favor of peace. He was not content with a limitation of armaments, he wanted a reduction in armaments. His most emphatic word was "reduction." But Mr. Hoover is not a stronger friend of peace than is the prime minister of Great Britain, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He has for years been one of the outstanding peace workers of the world. He is ready at all times to make large sacrifices for peace. It was he and Mr. Hoover who created the London conference. One other man ought to be added, Monsieur Briand. In devotion to peace no man can be placed above the illustrious Frenchman. He is one of the greatest men now alive. With him the love of peace is a passion. He burns with fervent heat. These three men more than any others were responsible for

calling the London conference. They created an atmosphere in which it seemed inevitable that the conference should prove a success. The delegations sent to the conference were made up of able and noble men, men who believe in peace and are willing to work hard to obtain it. Our own delegation was one of which every American had reason to be proud. All seven members were men of great ability and wide experience and high ideals. It would have been difficult to select a group of seven Americans superior in caliber and nobility and devotion to peace than the seven men who were sent to London. Our delegation was matched by delegations equally able and loyal from the other four countries. The situation seemed to be ideal for securing the desired results. But how little was accomplished compared with what had been dreamed!

Handicaps to Action

These delegations had to keep their eye on the governments behind them. Our rulers cannot do what they please or secure all the results which they desire. We know that our own President finds himself balked again and again. He is said to have more power than any other ruler in the world, but his power is held rigorously in check. The United States senate can thwart him whenever it so desires. In determining foreign policy he and the senate have coordinated authority, and no treaty can be signed to which the senate refuses to give its assent. It was necessary, therefore, for our delegation to keep its eye on the senate. It had to watch its step. It could not submit a treaty which the senate would be sure to reject. Our delegation therefore had to move slowly.

The same situation exists in all these five countries except Italy. They are all under the sway of the democratic principle. They have government by the people. England is a democracy, democracy in a more flexible form than our own. We cannot get rid of a cabinet which we do not like in less than four years, whereas England can get rid of an unpopular cabinet in a night. The position of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is exceedingly precarious, and he may be thrown out of office any day. It was necessary for the British delegation, therefore, to keep its eye on the house of commons, and consequently no long step could be taken. In France the form of government lends itself to swift action. Cabinets can be thrown out with amazing celerity. Monsieur Tardieu and his co-workers had to keep their eyes all the time on the French parliament, for no treaty would be acceptable which went an inch too far.

This, then, was the situation. Every delegation had to keep its eye on its government, and every government had to keep its eye on the people. Without the consent of the people, nothing of importance can be accomplished. This brings us face to face with the size of our problem. The people must be educated to think peace. It is a big job, a long job and it will not be completed in our generation. All the nations must be educated. It is not sufficient to educate one only. No nation will walk ahead alone. They will move all together or they will not advance at all. America must be educated, so must Great Britain, so must France, so must Italy, and so must Japan. It is a herculean task and to achieve it will require the energetic and indefatigable labor of many years. The wound is deep and it cannot be healed in a day.

A second fact emerged from the conference. We saw with appalling vividness how difficult it is to change the thought habits of men. It is comparatively easy to change the phrases on men's lips, it is well nigh impossible to change the habits of their thinking. Thirty-one years ago the word "peace" was scarcely heard outside of limited and isolated circles. There were at that time groups of earnest people ardently devoted to the cause of peace but they were, by the majority, considered fanatics, impractical dreamers, crying for the moon. The word "peace" was spoken often apologetically, sometimes derisively. The word "war" was spoken everywhere and usually with pride. Men said that war is a school of virtue, that it is necessary to keep sharp the fighting edge, that a little blood-letting does a nation good. But since the world war all that has changed. The word "peace" has forged to the front. It is now in every mouth. You cannot open a magazine or paper that your eye does not fall upon that word. Everybody now believes in peace and wants it. Everybody talks about it. Everybody abhors war. The generals and rear admirals are all peace advocates. They take their place among the pacifists in deprecating war.

Talking Peace, Thinking War

But it is possible to talk peace and think war. That is what the world is just now doing. That is what the naval conference did. It was called in the interest of peace. Its purpose was to safeguard the peace of the world. The nations which went into it had all signed the pact of Paris. The pact of Paris is this: "The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another." The United States signed that, so did Great Britain and so did France and so did Italy and so did Japan. They also signed this: "The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacifist means." All the five nations pledged themselves to that.

All the five nations had talked peace, but as soon as they came together they showed that they were all thinking war. They had renounced war on paper, but they had not renounced it in their heart. They were still thinking war. They all with one accord thought war. And so the cardinal subject of discussion was parity. This is a Latin word which means equality. "Equality" is also a Latin word. We grew weary of the word "equality" and took up the shorter word "parity." The air in London was vibrant with that word. Parity was the supreme end aimed at. Parity

in what? In peace? No, not in peace. Parity in war. Not parity in generosity, in trustfulness, in sympathy, or in mutual helpfulness, or in good will, but parity in the instruments of war. The nations had renounced war but they spent all their time in measuring and comparing the instruments of war. They had pledged themselves never to seek the solution of any dispute of any kind except by pacific means, but they went to work at once to balance gun with gun and ton with ton, assuming that all of them would some day fight and that every nation must be prepared.

It would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic. It would be laughable if it were not so heart-breaking. What must God think of a world like this, a world in which sensible and honorable men talk peace and think war? Parity in war was the summum bonum on which every delegation had set its heart. Parity was the devil which made havoc of the conference, and almost completely wrecked it. Delegations were ready to risk smashing the conference and even wrecking civilization rather than give up their demand for parity. A prophet long ago represented God as saying to a foolish nation, "You worship me with your mouth but your heart is far from me." The London conference has shown us more clearly than ever that the world's wound is deep and that it cannot be healed slightly.

Watch!

The conference is over, and now what shall we do? Let me suggest two bits of advice. First of all, watch! Keep your eyes open. Pay attention to the agencies which work day and night to train men to think war. It is the habit of thinking war which must be broken. Until that habit is weakened no naval conference can prosper. The war department and the navy department of our government work without ceasing to train our people to think war. The brigadier-generals and rear admirals are popular guests at banquets. They always sit at the head of the table and what they say invariably gets first page publicity. It is amazing how frequently these men speak and how zealous they are —even after they are retired—to train the nation to think war. And they are prolific writers also. Their literary output is immense, and they all write with but one object in view, the training of people to think war.

The army and navy play war games. They play them every year. They play them in the eyes of the public. They used to play them on land and on sea and now they play them also in the air. The games are spectacular. They are sometimes thrilling. They are played for the purpose of training us to think war. Every game played demonstrates our need of stronger defense. Only recently we have had warnings written on the sky, calling our attention to our defenseless condition. We have been given a new lesson in the art of thinking war.

Every year the navy is put on exhibition. It is truly an imposing spectacle. It costs hundreds of millions of dollars and why should it not be shown off? It is ours, why should we not enjoy it? The Hudson river furnishes a magnificent stage, and six million people are eager to enjoy the exhibition. The display is beautiful in the day but even more beautiful at night. The playing of the searchlights on the city is dramatic and entrancing. That is an excellent way of educating a whole city to think war.

And all this gets into the papers. It is not only the people at the mouth of the Hudson who need to be educated but the people on the banks of the Mississippi and on the prairies of the far west. As a nation we must be educated to think war, and to this work the newspapers give glad and powerful assistance. The Sunday papers take delight in spreading before the nation pictures of the war vessels and of their officers, of the airplanes and of their latest stunts. No such publicity is given to any other branch of the government. The nation is systematically and continuously and effectively trained to think war. No wonder the navy appropriations remain high. We spend more money every year on our army and navy than any other nation under heaven.

But this is only a part of the war-thinking educational program. There must be military training in our schools. It is already established in many of our colleges and the war department is insistent that it shall go into our high schools. In certain quarters there is pressure to bring it even into our grammar schools. This would be ideal, to have all the high school boys and all the grammar school boys of America trained to think war. We could then have even higher army and navy budgets!

Educating for War

Another feature of the educational program is the summer military training camps. The war department is proud of the progress it is making. It reported that during the summer there would be 226,000 boys in these camps. All these boys would be trained to think war. Many persons see no harm whatever in this military drill. They are impressed by the plausible argument that it is a good thing to keep boys in the open air, and to train them to stand erect and to give them elementary lessons in obedience, and to bring them under discipline. Surely all these things are good, and it would seem that only a fanatic could have any objection to them. But those who speak thus overlook an important fact. The most far-reaching and momentous thing done in these summer camps is the training of our boys to think war. These 226,000 boys have 226,000 fathers and 226,000 mothers, and these parents are also being trained to think war. Nearly every boy has a sweetheart, and therefore 226,000 girls are being trained to think war. The future mothers of the country are being trained to think war. Every boy in camp has grandfathers and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and companions and friends and all these are being trained to think war.

But these 226,000 boys are not the only ones to be drilled. There are 7,463 of the R. O. T. C. and 17,190 in the officers' reserve, and 57,000 of the C. M. T. C. and 163,780 of the national guard. Here are an additional host of a quarter of a million men all being trained to think war, and around every one of

these men are concentric circles of men and women more or less influenced by the man at the center. Several millions of Americans are being trained by the war department to think war. So long as we think war the army and navy appropriations will never go down, and the way of the peace conferences will continue to be hard.

And therefore we must educate. We must plant the seed of peace. We must plant it in the hearts of our young people in our colleges, and in the hearts of our boys and girls in all the high schools and in all the grammar schools, and in all the primary schools, and in all the kindergartens, and in all the homes. We are not going to win the cause of peace by any methods which are spectacular or any measures which make a noise. The work must be done quietly and continuously and enthusiastically, certain that the harvest will at last be great. It is not by thunder or by lightning but by the still small voice of mothers and teachers that the world will at last come to think peace.

Let us not then be deceived by the superficial talk of those who imagine that because men use the word "peace," the curse of war has been abolished. The wound is deep. The root of the trouble is in the heart. Many persons think the problem is an economic one. It may be in part, but it is primarily a religious one. If the problem is ever settled it will be settled by the Christian church. Christian men and women must face this problem and never allow their eyes to wander away from it. If we are indeed the followers of the Prince of Peace, then we must work for peace and make sacrifices for it. A preacher is never nearer to the center of the gospel than when he is urging men to think peace and he is never more faithful to his mission as an ambassador of the Son of God than when he is exhorting men to work with their might against the genius and schemes of those who in blindness are endeavoring to perpetuate the reign of Caesar.

War in the Heart

The root of the trouble is spiritual. It is suspicion which paralyzed the London conference. The nations do not trust one another. All five nations signed the pact of Paris, but no one of them believed that the others would keep their word. We did not trust Great Britain, nor did Great Britain trust us, France did not trust Italy and Italy did not trust France, none of them trusted Japan and Japan is distrustful of us all. It was the demon of suspicion which made all the nations afraid. They are afraid of one another and that is why they feel they must walk encased in armor.

It is because of our fear that we cannot come together. The wound is deep. Only God can heal it. Only God in Christ can heal it. Only God in Christ on the cross can heal it. What does that mean? Only sacrificial love can heal it. The cross was not visible in the London conference. There was no thought of sacrificial love. Christ was not lifted up. But an idol was set up—an idol called Parity—and the nations bowed down before it!

Where Do You Belong?

Albert Parker Fitch

And being let go, they went to their own company. Acts 4:23.

PETER and John were in prison. We can understand how they felt, for we are all in prison. For instance, we are bound by inheritance. Unfortunately for us we could not choose our grandfathers nor the circumstances and the limitations of the natures which they gave us. Sometimes we have a tragic biological inheritance. Always we have a limiting one. We repeat after Shakespeare:

> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featured like him, like him with friends possest;
> Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
> With what I most enjoy contented least.

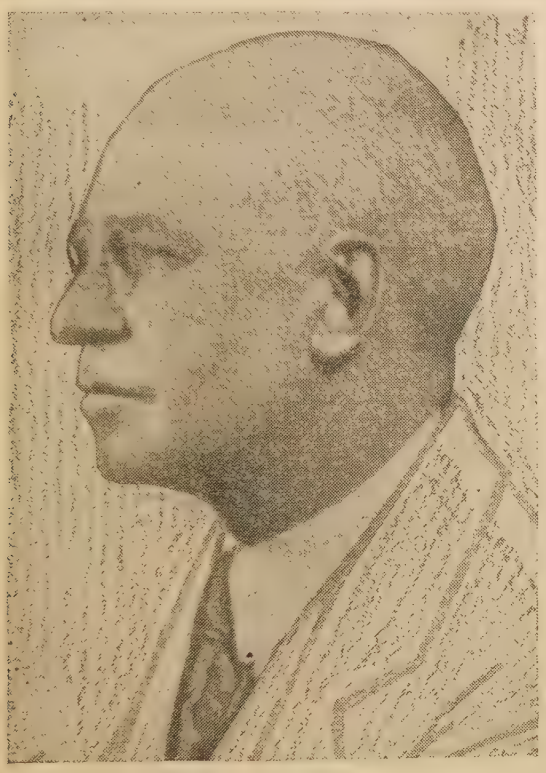
We are in prison also to circumstances over which we have little control. We speak of the frustrations and the withheld completions of human lives. There are many school boys who, if they were set free, would be on the aviation field. There are many teachers today who, if they were free, would be doing research, writing monographs, learning and not coaching. Most men are in that gainful occupation into which circumstances forced them. They do not do the thing they would have done had they been free. How many work without expectancy and live with but a meager hope! This sense of being in prison increases as people grow older. "When thou wert young," it was said to Peter, "thou girdest thyself and wentest whither thou wouldst, but when thou art old another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." That is life. We estimate our friends as though they were quite free agents. But we ought never to form judgments of one another without remembering that all human beings, to some extent, grind in the prison-house.

Opening of Prison Doors

Peter and John were set free. And we sometimes, to a limited extent, also get free. Some alteration in our external circumstances brings this about, and prison doors open as they opened for the apostles. Or some alteration in the inner nature is brought about, and the bird of the soul no longer beats its wings against the bars. Great crises in the affairs of men set free numberless human beings. How clearly we saw this in the upheaval caused by the great war.

I recall four sorts of young men who were set free by that war. They had been learning Latin, science and mathematics in preparatory schools and were rather bored by it. They found they could get across to Europe and drive Ford ambulance cars from the Poste de Secour back to the base hospitals. The war

set free in them the spirit of romance and the spirit of adventure, and that unconscious but inimitable spirit of compassion and good will which is native to a boy. The business men were set free. They were more tired than they realized of the grey routine of manipulating men and industry to the end of profit and money. They hurried to Washington from every part of the country. They offered their services, for a dollar a year, to the government if only they could take part in some larger enterprise which would liberate for



ALBERT PARKER FITCH

them the deeper things of life which Main street and Wall street had shut in. And the soldiers themselves were set free. To be sure they were drafted, but they wre drafted willingly. To be sure, the things they fought for were not gotten and the fighting itself was a tragic mistake. Yet it seemed to them that great issues and large ideas had been offered for their devotion and they did consecrate themselves to these large things. One has but to read the published correspondence of soldiers to see how the war set them free to lay down their lives for love and to give up their breath for an idea. It made living worth while for them. And the profiteers were set free. They had their chance at last to do what they wanted—to make huge sums of money out of the abnormal economic and human crisis which had come upon us. They had their highly profitable stocks, which they called their "war babies." They were a bit sorry when Armistice day came. For another six months of war would have piled up so much more money for them, and not too many more men would have been killed or maimed or shell-shocked, and they were so happy making easy money!

When Peter and John were set free they went to their own company. And this also is true of all of us. The moment of liberty is the moment of self-revelation and self-exposure. The ambulance boy went where he felt he belonged and showed the stuff that was in him. So did the business men and so did the soldiers. So did the profiteers; they showed the stuff that was in them. The freedom given them by the war drove them to their own place—an awful place it was.

Going to One's Own Company

Change in economic circumstances sets men free, too. Sometimes unexpected wealth falls into the hands of men. I suppose most of us have dreamed, either in our more romantic or less noble moments, of some good uncle or aunt or cousin who, after all, had lived quite long enough, and who had died and made us recipient of all his property. Then we who had been beggars had horses we could ride; and we would always ride to the place that expressed and revealed ourselves.

I recall four young men, three of whom I still know, who were set free in just this way. One was an undergraduate in an eastern university. I knew him first as a long, lean, gangling youth wearing good and shabby clothes with unconscious ease, and driving around the university town in a battered flivver. His grandfather died and left him an immense fortune, several thousands of dollars per month income. I wondered what the boy would do with this opportunity to express himself. Well, he still kept on driving the battered flivver and wearing the well-bred, shabby clothes. And he began to interest himself in various people whom he had noticed around the university town. There was an old man who was blind, who sold pencils and shoestrings in the public square. This lad cottoned up to the old man, got to know him, went to see him where he lived, met his aged wife, informed himself thoroughly about the circumstances of the family. And then one day he presented the old man with an annuity for life! The boy was quite intoxicated with the joy and self-expression which had come to him. He began making a scientific study of philanthropy. Today this boy is married, with a young family of his own, living quite modestly in a suburban town and devoting between fifty and seventy-five per-cent of his income to constructive benefactions. When he was let go, you see, he went to his own company.

Enlisting in a Great Cause

I knew another boy—knew him first in prep school, then in college. He was an abnormally serious and consciously good young gentleman. I did not like this boy. He had that combination of moral infallibility and unconscious moral vanity which is the hall-mark of the unco' guid. It is something particularly irritating and distasteful to youth. I used to realize that the boy held his peers and elders alike up to his own immature standards, and I thought him an excellent boy to avoid. Well, his father died, and he came into a large amount of money, and I watched him with grim

satisfaction. "Aha," I thought, "I wonder now what you will do when this money gives you such terrible freedom and such manifold and subtle temptations?" I noticed that the boy became quite unhappy—which was a good sign; and that he became less sure of himself—which was a better sign; that something of gentleness and humility was coming into his life—which was the best sign of all. And then I saw that the money had brought him with his freedom, his first great temptation. He was a cold boy sexually, and the elementary passions had never given him too much trouble. But, like many cold and all too-proper persons, he loved power. The money had brought him a great accession of power, and the lust for its using. And I saw the two natures in this boy struggling—the will to sink himself in some great cause, and the will to dominate his fellowmen. The struggle went on through college and graduate school. But, when he graduated, he became a foreign missionary in China. He was let go and he had to find himself. And he had to go to his own company; and a great company it was.

I know another boy who took his secondary education in America and his university work abroad. He was all set for an academic career. He used to tell us, with some pride, of how much he believed in the need of intellectual leadership; the power of ideas; the glory of the teaching profession; and he took his Ph.D in history, prepared to teach in that department. Then he, too, came into great wealth and discovered the difference between such ideals and ambitions as life had forced on him and such ideals and ambitions as were native to him when he was free. At this moment he is the possessor of an old manor-house in Devonshire, England, where he is engaged in the highly intellectual occupation of raising spaniels and being one of the chief cross country riders in the hunting season. He was let go and he went to his own company.

The Lure of Gold

I recall still another boy of whom I knew in the middle west. He was a fraternity brother of mine. I used to see him in the fraternity house in one of the great state universities. He was a hearty, wholesome, slightly vacuous, well-meaning youth of whom we have more than our share in America. He was preparing for the law, and used to talk with a facile but sincere enthusiasm of what he could do in that most conservative of all professions when he entered it. He was going to be one of those who brought law up to date; who transformed the codes which originated in an agricultural and individualistic society so that they might mete out justice for the needs and problems of a mechanized industrial order. Then his father died and he inherited a highly profitable business. He told me one day he was not going into the law. I asked, "What are you going to do?" "Well," he said, "I think I owe it to my mother and sisters to carry on the family business and look after their welfare." "And what is the family business?" I asked. "Well," he said, "we own a very profitable proprietary medicine." So now he is engaged in the making and marketing of some patent medicine mixture, well colored, somewhat stimulating, slightly doped, which can be sold in enormous quantities to the credulous old women of both sexes. He was let go, and he went to his own company.

All of us want—at least we think we want—to understand ourselves. "Know thyself," was the great motto of the ancient Greeks. But the capacity for self-deception is illimitable. No one of us knows what he is to his friends. What we think we are, what we appear, and what we actually are, are hopelessly divergent and are forever concealed from our eyes. But is there any way of knowing what we are like? Perhaps. Ask yourselves the following questions: What are your amusements? What are the sort of things that you do when you have economic leisure? What kind of person are you when you are alone? What would you do if you were far away from the pressure of the social order around you and from the ceaseless scrutiny of your friends and associates? What did you do the last time you were in Paris? What are your dreams and ideals? Many of us put ourselves to sleep at night by dreaming, by letting the imagination wander where it most wants to go. Well, where does your imagination go, and what is the nature of your habitual and constant dreams? In our hours of amusement, in our hours when we are freed from local and domestic scrutiny, and in our hours of revery and imagination we are relatively free; the undertone of life comes to the surface and then we go, more or less, to our own company.

"Twice-Born Men"

One could not close this sermon without referring to the freedom that comes when internal circumstances are altered. Not only do great crises and economic circumstances set us free but there are thousands of men whom Jesus has set free. Such books as Begbie's "Twice Born Men" and "Souls in Action" tell that story. The story was never better told that in Augustine's "Confessions." There is an angel that comes, not to an iron prison door, but to the door of the spirit, and liberates the best life in us, ploughs new channels in the brain and turns upside down our former scale of values and gives peace for restlessness, gentleness for cruelty and power for weakness. One blessed thing is true of the people who are set free by Jesus—they always go to a great and a high company. If he has set us free, all is well with the soul.

Old-fashioned sermons used to deal a great deal with the future life, and all serious and imaginative men still ponder the questions of their origin, meaning and destiny. What is the future life to be like? Where are we going when we die? Well, death sets us free. In the noble words of the prayerbook, "we are freed from all the encumbrances of the flesh." Then, after death the liberator has done this, I think I know just where we go. We go to our own company. In the grim words of the Old Testament "we die and go to our own place." We shall go where we feel at home; we shall go where we essentially belong. Actually we should not want to go anywhere else, and psychologically it would be impossible to go anywhere else.

I have no great enthusiasm as I regard the future life. I fear that for most of us our end will be in some dingy heaven or some petty hell. I do not think most of us are great enough to be either Satans or angels. I do not think most of us have enough character to be great saints or great sensualists. Our Catholic friends talk about Purgatory and Limbo: half-way places between the realm of the Pit and the Celestial City. Don't you suppose that a good many of us will find ourselves in Limbo when we die? Will that be the place where we belong? It certainly will be the place of thousands of men and women unless in this world, by the grace of God, they and we are lifted out of our moral, spiritual and intellectual mediocrity into genuine salvation.

A Pro-War Sermon

By Paul G. Macy

He teacheth my hands to war. 2 *Samuel* 22:35

FOR the past ten years, in common with many others who have spoken in the name of the Prince of Peace, I have thought of Armistice day as one of solemn remembrance when we should vividly recall the awful sacrifice involved in the world's "greatest social sin," and should make a solemn dedication of self to the cause of universal peace. Perhaps I have misjudged the real purpose of Armistice day. I have been reading the newspapers. I have noted the type of celebration arranged by the American Legion. I have heard the utterances of some of our national leaders. Apparently, to them at least, it is a time "for all good men to come to the aid of the party"—meaning the war party. It is a time when, to be sure, we remember the last but get ready for the *next* great war. It is a time to bring out the glory of the struggle, now that some of its ghastliness is growing dim in our memories. It is even a time to dig out some of the old war sermons with their perfervid patriotic utterances.

Biblical Authority for War

To follow in the train of these patriots of ours immediately brings me into difficulty. I like to take my texts from the New Testament, since the church is supposed to be founded upon the teachings of Jesus, but I could find none suitable to the occasion. So I have fallen back upon the good Old Testament, just as so many did during the war, and happily there is no lack there of background. In fact, I shall read now a passage which I could not bear to read in the worship service, Numbers 31:7-18. This is the story of how Moses scolded his warriors, when they returned from battle, after slaying all the males, for not killing the women too. He ordered them to kill the male children and many of the women; the rest, he said, "you can keep for yourselves!"

Now for a text. In Nave's "Topical Index of the Bible," under the heading "War," there is a sub-head entitled "Divine sanction of—." The very thing we are looking for! 2 Samuel 22:33, 35: "God is my strong fortress and he guideth the perfect in his way. He teacheth my hands to war, so that mine arms do bend a bow of brass."

There, this scripture lesson and this text ought effectively to put a stop to the pacifist propaganda supposedly based upon the teachings of Jesus. If God spoke directly to Moses and Samuel they must have known what they were saying and doing. Of course, having once said these things in the Old Testament there was no need for God to repeat himself in the New! Let us be prepared to do what we did twelve years ago—declare a moratorium upon the words of Jesus, "love your enemies," and remember only two passages from the New Testament. You know the two. One tells how Jesus was offered two swords and said, "It is enough." The other relates his driving the money changers out of the temple with the whip of cords. Some try to tell us that there is nothing to show that Jesus used the whip on the men and that he probably used it only on the cattle. To be sure, it does not definitely say that he struck anyone *but* if you have read Bruce Barton's famous book you know now that Jesus was a "real man" and a real man would have hit out right and left, regardless. Yes, that was a great exploit! What a gorgeous display of force! One man driving out a host with a small whip. It reminds one of the exploit of Sergeant York when he single-handed and with a single knife cleaned out a dugout full of Huns.

Jesus and War

For some reason, the early Christians seem not to have realized the importance of this episode in the life of Jesus, for they mistakenly thought that a good follower of Jesus ought not to fight wars and they steadfastly refused to bear arms. I say mistakenly, for, as you will see readily, they lived so close to the time of Jesus that they could not be expected to understand his mind and spirit as we, with the perspective of the centuries, can see it. They did not see, either, what we must see, that one's first duty is to be patriotic. I shall never forget an Armistice day sermon preached in a church of which I was the pastor, by one of the noted preachers of our day, in which he stood by the Chicago Tribune text, "My country, right or wrong." As he pointed out, we ought to be religious, we ought to be Christians, but, after all, we *must* be patriotic. In the last analysis, country comes before God. That is the way things go in all countries in war time, and we can't afford to be left out of the running by any silly sentimentality of religion. Naturally, in private life we believe in the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." But in war time, when a group of wise statesmen tells us it is patriotic to kill, then it is glorious. The more we can kill, the better.

I have never been able to understand all the talk about going out to "die for one's country." It is much more to the point to go out and kill for one's country.

That is the only way in which the right can win, and when we have an enemy we are always right and he is always wrong, no matter what he thinks about it. For that matter, why not be frank and say how glorious it is not only to kill for one's country, but to lie for one's country also? One of the greatest helps in war time is propaganda. Think of how effective it was in the great war. It is perfectly plain that we could not get great numbers of people to fight unless we told a great number of lies. How the stories of the Belgian atrocities, peddled about the country by one of our great Christian leaders, sent the hot blood coursing through our veins! Great!! Of course they weren't true, but we all like to hear good fairy stories or good devil stories when they fit such a good cause. We must be ready to be lied to again. We must be perfecting the means by which it can be done even better. In the next war the broadcasting stations can be run by the government and "the truth about the war" will reach everyone quickly. Then our scientific devices for fake motion pictures are much more efficient. We shall not have to rely upon speakers to tell of the atrocities of the enemy. We shall see and hear them being committed. They will be made in Hollywood, but we won't be too fussy about it and will readily believe them to be right from the front.

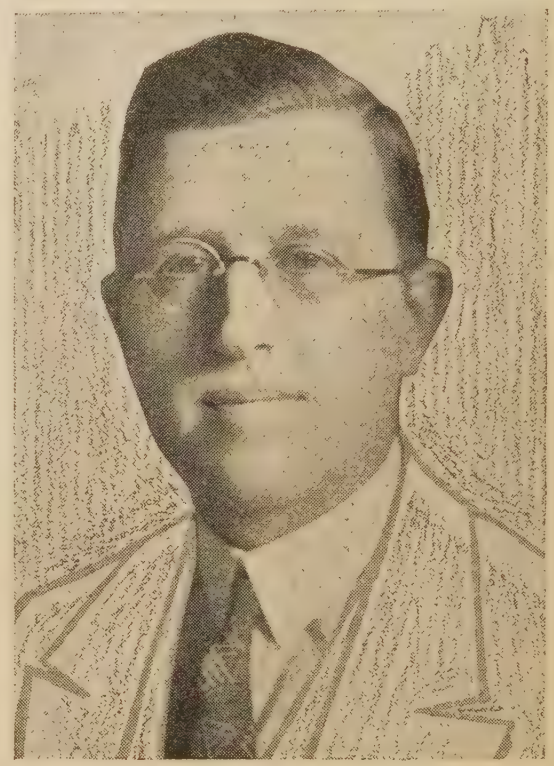
Preparedness

We all want peace! Even our colonels and majors and generals want it. They so earnestly desire it that they want us to be sure to take the only possible means of getting it. What is that? Why, preparedness for war, of course. You see, if we only can get such a big armament on land and sea and in air that no one will dare attack us, then the job is done. But, someone objects, that has never before been true in the history of the world. True, my friend, but you forget that ours is a special case. We are a special nation. We are a nation whose "God is the Lord"—as a preacher at a union Thanksgiving service assured us. We are a chosen people. We are set apart to lead the world into the way in which it should go. So history doesn't count. Forget it. We must have a bigger army and navy.

Take our navy. It is much stronger than any other except England's, but we can never tell when we shall be in a scrap with England. Remember that if a group of diplomats in England and a group of diplomats over here decide that the mutual honor of each nation is at stake, then all the centuries of common speech, common traditions, common interests will be thrown to the winds and we shall only remember "1776." So, let's economize on education, let's economize on the control of disease and poverty—but not on the navy. I heard a navy man the other day who improved on a phrase from Paul. He said that he believed in "faith, hope and parity."

Preparing Gun-fodder

And the army. Sooner or later the lads who are in school now, some of them just in the primary and junior grades, will have to be converted into gun-fodder. Why not get them ready now? Why waste the golden moments of their plastic years? It would be well to put a ban upon books which describe war as it actually is, such as "All Quiet on the Western Front." Don't let them see plays like "Journey's End." Put a soft pedal on stories of the corpse rats that roamed the trenches, the ghastly sight of a man coughing up his lungs after a dose of gas, the bodies lying rotting in the sun with bellies blown up like balloons. We must



PAUL G. MACY

get all the glory and fun into it that we can. So, let's do even better what we are doing in a small way. Give the boys polo ponies. Dress up the prettiest girls in those natty soldier suits and let them be sponsors of school companies of militia. Give special credits for military drill. Get the boys into the habit of snapping to attention and obeying orders so that they will not question anything that an officer barks at them. It will be time enough when war comes to put on the finishing touches, such as teaching them that the best way to bayonet a man is in the stomach, where it won't get stuck as it might in the ribs; or the advantages of a good sharp trench spade over a bayonet.

Win the War!!!

For that matter, we had better look after the training of our girls. Experts tell us that the next time there will be no non-combatants. An aeroplane flying at one hundred miles an hour cannot be sure to miss the hospital and hit the munitions plant—which frequently, in accordance with good military practice, are placed side by side. Then, too, it will not hurt, from a military point of view, for our girls to have the patriotic background which will keep them from being

too squeamish about giving the soldiers what they want. Anything which helps keep up the morale is right in war time, whether it be rum or women. You can't blame men who are away from home and in the hell of the trenches for having their animal passions aroused to a fever pitch. Isn't it patriotic to gratify that passion if it helps to win the war? In the world war the Y. M. C. A. helped a lot by giving free prophylaxis treatments, which made it safer for the men to so indulge themselves without the dangers of venereal disease. Doubtless, in the next war, the churches can help in this good work. Remember, in war time nothing else counts, religion, ethics or morals, beside the one important thing—to win the war. . . .

I cannot go on. Some of you have been looking at me as though you thought I was losing my mind. Perhaps I am. I have been thinking over those awful days. I have seen "Journey's End." I have read "All Quiet on the Western Front." The awfulness of it crushes me. Still worse is the fact that so few of you have any idea of what war is—the denial of everything that is good and true and sacred. In preaching this pro-war sermon I have tried to give you some of the details which our super-patriots carefully omit but which are truthfully there. For the sake of the loving Christ, don't be so gullible. Don't live in a fool's paradise. Don't, by your ignorance, be a slave to the curse of civilization. Either stop calling yourselves

A Thanksgiving Prayer

By Sidney Strong

WE GIVE thanks especially, O God, because Thou art our Father! We give thanks that we are as other men are, for therein lies our brotherhood. That other men are better than we are, for therein lies our ambition to excellence; in the mirror of their goodness we see our own shortcomings. That men are of many colors, for the Garden of the Lord is thus made varied and beautiful.

We give thanks for the mountains which inspire us to look up, bring us help, make us climb for wide views. For many kinds of weather—heat and cold, rain and sunshine, wind and calm—for all alike are from the Father. Keep us from daily whining about the weather, since it is childish and treason against the Maker.

We give thanks for divine discontent, which is not complaining, but a sign of growth toward Thee. For work we give thanks, since degeneracy follows idleness. Also, for unemployment, for it compels mankind to find ways of work for all. For material prosperity, whose disappointments draw and drive us to spiritual reality. For the machine, whose invention suggests relationship with the Creator. For the machine-age, which with all its evils is marvelous as a forerunner of a better age. For the romance of business, which draws and drives men into cooperation.

We give thanks for country and city alike. Their interests are one. Thy Hand is in their making alike. Help us to remember the parable of the skyscraper that began in ugliness and is ending in beauty. Our cities are becoming more and more like great cathedrals in whose aisles men and women are finding their altars of service.

We give thanks for our homes, schools and governments; keep us from constant faultfinding. They are divine institutions until we have something better. We give thanks for certain priceless principles handed down to us by the fathers—the authority of conscience, the sovereignty of the people, equality of all men. Help us to be ready to suffer to retain these. We rejoice in democracy here and everywhere, for we believe kingcraft, priestcraft, plutocracy to be evil, and in the end vain. We rejoice in the abolition of slavery, the freedom of women, the prohibition of strong drink and saloon—and we look forward with thanks to the abolition of war. Help thy people not to compromise with evil.

We rejoice in our children, who come from God, point us to God and the way of life, and give mankind a fresh start each generation. May we not like shirks put the burden of the world upon the shoulders of our children, but bear it ourselves. "The hope of the world" is not in Youth, but in Manhood!

We give thanks for the revelation of the power of love in our age; that what was foretold by prophets and described by poets, and sought by saints through vigils and fastings, and realized by lonely souls through the centuries, and explored by small groups, is at last walking the earth as a conqueror. We give thanks that men are at last admitting that the power of the sword is not the only power, that the power of love is greater.

We give thanks that we have been permitted to see in our day—in the Moravians, the Quakers—the power of non-violence to overcome enemies and establish justice. We give thanks for what we are permitted to see in India, in Gandhi, who seeks to rely upon the method of non-violence, as a principle of social defense and progress—a kind of Moses with the method of Jesus seeking to lead his people out of the house of bondage. We pray that our eyes may be permitted to see the passing of empire everywhere, by which peoples, small or large, are held in subjection.

We give thanks especially, O God, because we are Thy children!

Christians or else make a real study of what Jesus stood for and died for—the royal way of love.

Christ's Way of Peace

The other day I was talking with one of my Yale classmates whom I had not seen for years. He was a captain in the world war and told me how he had longed to get into the thick of it. I rather hesitated to tell him my stand on war, and my "war record," for we were having a happy reunion and I didn't particularly care to be ostracized! But I told him that I had stood out against the war from the beginning and had seen nothing in the event or since which would make me change my attitude. To my surprise this former militarist said, "Paul, I honor you for it and if there is another war I hope I'll have the manhood to stand with you." I think of another classmate, who was also a captain in the overseas forces. He had been militaristically inclined even before the war and an officer in the state militia. When he returned from France he said, "I will be hung before I will ever do it again." Those who know, feel that way. The wonderful thing about "All Quiet on the Western Front" is that, while it was written by a German, if only the names were changed it would serve as just as true a picture of things on the allied side.

How can people, I humbly ask you, in the face of such revealing facts, be so apathetic about preparing for peace? Surely there is brain power enough to achieve world peace if we were one-tenth as earnest as we were about the war. And if the brain power be lacking there is spiritual power, ready and waiting for those who will open their hearts to be "laid hold upon" by him through whom we can do all things that are right. If in Samuel's time they believe that "he teacheth my hands to war," does that mean in this time, after nineteen centuries of Christian teachings, Christians will not believe that "he teacheth my hands to peace, and maketh my heart to love"?

Arms for the Fight!

(A Story-Sermon for Children)

By John Haynes Holmes

IN YEARS gone by, in a country far away, there ruled a king who had three sons. These sons were born and reared within the royal palace which stood on the summit of a great hill remote from the homes and haunts of men. Down the slopes of the hill there swept the forest, in which the king's sons played and hunted. Around the forest, at the foot of the hill, there ran a lofty wall of stone, on the top of which the king's sons drove their chariots and rode swift horses. Near the palace were gardens with spreading lawns, and leaping fountains, and pools in which to bathe, and the shade of trees where all was cool and quiet in the noon-day heat. And far above the palace there rose ivory towers, tall and beautiful, whence could be seen in the light of dawn or in the shadows of the night the countryside to the far range of snowy mountains. Often the three princes, when they were tired of playing in the wood, or bathing in the pools, or loitering beneath the shade trees in the summer noon, would climb these ivory towers and look upon the landscape of their father's kingdom. Here were roads which they had not trod, villages which they had not seen, and far away there to the north was a great city which they had never visited. For these princes had always lived behind these walls and played within these gardens.

Now there came a day when the eldest son prepared to leave his father's palace, for his time had come to depart into the world. And on the morning of that day, the chamberlain of the king came to the prince and said:

"O prince, before thou goest into the world, there is one last thing which thou must do. From time immemorial the sons of kings have done this thing I say. Deep down within the vaults of this, thy father's house, there is a room, and in that room there stand three altars. Upon each altar lies a weapon with which a man may arm himself. Now in thy last hour within this place, thou must go with me into this room of arms, and there make choice of the weapons which thou wouldst use in battle against thy fellows."

Having said these words, the chamberlain took the young prince by the hand and led him through the long corridors of the palace. They came to halls which the prince had never seen. They descended stairs far down into dark recesses where no light shone. They passed through vaults that dripped as though with water and echoed to no sound but the sound of feet on stony pavements. The torches drooped in heavy air, and the flame of their burning flared and flickered like a dying light upon the walls. At last, suddenly, from out the gloom, there leaped a door, tall, heavy, ribbed with iron, and barred with bolts of steel. On one side of the door there stood a knight in armor, with shield and spear, and helmet drawn upon his face. On the other side there stood what seemed to be a monk in long black robe, with hands folded upon his breast, and cowled head bent as though in prayer. Motionless were these two men, as motionless as statues carved in stone, and as silent as a tomb.

The chamberlain approached the door, and paused as though in fear or hesitation. Then suddenly he lifted high his mace, and smote upon the iron ribs—once, twice, thrice. At the third blow there came a trembling as of an earthquake. The portal groaned and quivered. Then, as though moved by ghostly hands, the bolts and bars flew back. Slowly, silently, the huge door swung, and opened to the gloom of a long chamber which was tall like a cathedral, yet dark and terrible as any crypt beneath its walls.

"Come, my son," said the chamberlain unto the prince, now trembling in hand and limb.

Through the door and into the vaulted room they passed. All was still, save for the loud clashing of the door behind them. All was dark, save for the

shining of three candles, far away as at the end of a cathedral aisle. Yet as they burned, these candles seemed to shine with ever larger flame, until they shone like stars from out the firmament of night.

"Come, my son," said the chamberlain again. And he led the prince unto the candles. And the prince looked, and saw upon an altar to the right, *a sword,* with long, clean blade as white as silver, and hilt that burned with jewels like a flame. And the prince gave a great cry and seized the sword, and lifted it high be-

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

fore the candle's glow, and turned it left and right till all the blade flashed lightnings in the gloom.

"This is my weapon," cried the happy prince. "This shall I use to arm me for the fight."

Then suddenly a blast, as though of death, swept through the vaulted room. Like stars extinguished, the candles disappeared and all was dark. Only the door swung open to the torches' gleam and showed the way again. Hand in hand along the corridors passed chamberlain and prince. Swift up the stairs they climbed to sunshine and sweet air. Out into the gardens and to the walls they came, and to the gateway of the palace which was to release the prince into the world. Always he clasped the sword unto his breast. But when the gates swung wide, and he gazed upon the roads he had not trod, and the villages he had not seen, and the far shadow of the city he had never visited, the prince gave a great shout of joy. And he lifted the sword, till all the blade was fire in the sun, and cried again:

"This is my weapon. This shall I use to arm me for the fight."

Then he ran upon the wind, and disappeared. Days passed, and weeks and months, and no man saw him more. But rumors drifted to the palace of war and bloodshed, of fighting men and weeping women, of children wandering in strange places far from home. Now and then there came from far away, like thunder upon dark horizons, the clash of arms. And smoke, like clouds of night, rolled upward from the land and swept through the palace and its gardens. Often in these days the two younger princes would climb the ivory towers, to look upon their father's kingdom. And always they would discover burning homes, and wasted fields, and women fleeing like hunted animals, and men stark dead upon the ground. And once they saw the city near the snowy mountains flaming like a volcano in the night.

Now on a day a trumpet sounded beneath the palace walls. And the gates were opened to a stricken man, gasping and faint upon the road. His face was pale, his eyes fast closed in pain, and all his body bleeding from a fatal wound. But in his hand, firm grasped, there was a sword with blade as white as silver, and hilt that burned with jewels like a flame.

"Quick—or I die," he cried, and stumbling, made his way through corridors and halls, down steps to dark recesses, through vaults that dripped with damp and echoed to no sound but faltering feet. He reached a portal iron-ribbed and barred with bolts of steel. On one side stood a knight with shield and spear, and helmet drawn upon his face. And on the other stood a monk in long black robe, with folded hands and bended head.

"Quick—or I die," he cried again. And silently the armored knight moved from his place and smote with his spear upon the door which swung wide open to the cathedral vault, and to the candles burning in the gloom. Step by slow step, the wounded prince crawled to the shining altar at the right, and there with trembling hand laid down his sword.

"I bring thee back," he gasped, with sobbing breath. "Thou hast betrayed me and my father's rule. And now I die in penance for my sin. To take the sword shall be forever to perish by the sword."

* * *

Years passed. And on a day the second son prepared to leave his father's home, for his time had come to go into the world. And to him, as to his older brother, there came the chamberlain, and said:

"O prince, before thou goest, there is one last thing which thou must do. Deep down within the vaults of this, thy father's house, there is a room with altars three. Upon each altar lies a weapon with which a man may arm himself. Come now with me, and choose what thou wouldst use in battle against thy fellows."

Down through the halls and stairways to the iron door went chamberlain and prince. Still stood the knight in armor, and the monk with folded hands and head bent low upon his breast. Thrice with his mace the king's high officer of state smote loud upon the door, which groaned and quivered and opened as before. There stood the altars and the candles. And the prince looked, and saw upon the altar to the left, *a piece of gold* bright as a star, warm as a kindled fire.

And the young man gave a cry and seized the gold, and tossed it gayly, like a juggler's ball, before the candle's light.

"This is my weapon," cried the happy prince. "With this I shall buy men, and use them to my wish."

Then suddenly there came a chill upon the room, as though snows had fallen and the wintry cold had come. Like fading stars at dawn the candles dimmed and died, and all was dark. Hand fast in hand, along the halls passed chamberlain and prince. Swift up the stairs they climbed to sunshine and warm air. Out into the gardens and to the walls they fled, and came at last to the gate which was to open and release the prince into the world. Always he clutched the gold within his hand. But when the gate swung wide, and he saw the roads he had not trod, and the villages he had not seen, and the far shadow of the city he had never visited, the prince leaped and danced for joy. And far before him, like an arrow, he flung his piece of gold, and loudly cried:

"This is my weapon. With this I shall buy men, and use them to my wish."

Then ran the prince and straightway disappeared. And days passed, and weeks and months, and no man saw him more. But rumors drifted to the palace of mighty works—of mines, and roads, and ships upon the sea. From far away there came the whirr of wheels and the rolling crash of vast machinery. And smoke, like the smoke of battle, rolled from the stacks of mills and factories, and blotted out the sky. And all the landscape withered and turned black, as from a blight. And the far city near the snowy mountains grew like some monstrous growth; and cities everywhere, like cancers, fed upon the soil. And messengers, sent out to spy upon the land and see what horror had sudden come upon it, returned to tell of a great king who ruled in golden splendor, and owned the land, and walked upon the sea, and bought and sold whatever had a price, while men and women and even little children toiled like driven slaves to serve his need. And often in these days, in sore alarm, the youngest prince would climb the ivory towers, to gaze upon his father's realm. And always he would see the gleam of gold and hear the groans of men. And once, as in a dream, he saw the land become a desert, with every grain of sand a piece of gold, and men, like travelers, perishing of famine.

Now on a day there came a knock upon the palace gates. Slowly the portals opened, to reveal a miserable old man, with skin like parchment, hands like claws, and face like a grinning skull. In his arms were money-bags, and in the arms of slaves who followed him were money-bags, and on the backs of horses and mules innumerable were money-bags.

"Quick—or I die," he cried, and stumbling made his way through corridors and halls, down steps to dark recesses, through vaults that dripped with damp and echoed to no sound but hurrying feet. Before the iron door, he cried again, "Quick—or I die." And silently the black-robed monk moved from his place and smote with a wooden cross upon the door which opened wide to the cathedral vault, and to the candles burning in the gloom. Step by slow step, the trembling prince tottered to the altar at the left, and there with bitter curse cast down his bags of gold.

"I bring ye back," he cried. "Ye have betrayed me and my father's rule. And now I die in penance for my sin. Alas, for the deceitfulness of riches!"

* * *

Years passed again. And now the youngest son prepared to do his father's will. To him, as to his brothers, on the fateful day, there came the chamberlain, who led him to the iron door, and to the vaulted chamber, and to the altars and the candles.

And the prince looked, and saw the altar to the right, and the sword with long, thin blade as white as silver, and hilt which burned with jewels like a flame. And he lifted the sword, and held it to his gaze; and lo, from the shining point of the blade there fell, drop after drop, red blood! And the prince, shuddering, put back the sword into its place.

He looked again, and saw the altar to the left, and the piece of gold bright as a star, and warm as a kindled fire. And he lifted the gold, and held it to his gaze; and lo, upon his fingers, where they touched the gold, red rust! And the prince, shuddering, put back the piece of gold into its place.

He looked again, and saw the altar neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight before, and on it *a cup of water.* And the prince lifted the cup, and held it to his gaze; and lo, inscribed thereon were letters which were fashioned into words, and read: *"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, he shall in no wise lose his reward."* And the prince took the cup into his hands, and raised it like a chalice in the sacred mass, and cried:

"This is my weapon. This shall I use to conquer humankind."

Then suddenly a sound like distant music flowed through the vaulted room. The candles glowed like suns, and all the darkness turned to glorious light. With hands firm clasped upon the lifted cup, the prince moved back through corridors and halls, up stairways to the sunshine and sweet air, out to the gardens and the walls, and to the gate that opened on the world. And when the gate swung wide, and the young prince looked out upon the roads he had not trod, and the villages he had not seen, and the far shadow of the city he had never visited, he paused to gaze upon a beggar lying weak and sick beside the gate. And he knelt beside the beggar, and gave him to drink from out his cup, and murmuring said:

"This is my weapon. This shall I use to conquer humankind."

Then rose the prince, and went upon his way. Days passed, and weeks and months, and no one saw him more. But a strange beauty fell upon the land. Man lived at peace with man, for all were friends and none were enemies. At early morn, the people went forth into the fields for happy toil, and in the evening returned to happy play. They built houses, and inhabited them; they planted vineyards, and ate the fruit of them. They did not build, and another inhabit; they

did not plant, and another eat. They did not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity; for as the days of a tree were the days of the people. And the wilderness became a fruitful field, and the desert a garden of roses. And there was no more the voice of weeping, nor the voice of crying. For love reigned within the home, and peace upon the mountains. And often, in the eventide, when the labor of the day was done, the king's chamberlain climbed into the ivory towers to gaze upon the land. And to his ears came strains of distant music, and to his eyes the light that never was on land or sea.

Then on a day there came great shouts before the palace gates, and the song of many voices like ocean-waves. And as the gates swung wide, there entered a man like to an angel, so tall he was, and radiant, and beautiful. And all about him pressed a throng of eager people, wearing various garbs and speaking many tongues. And children, quick with laughter and babbling speech, clutched at his arms and seized upon his robe. And friendly animals were mingling with the crowd—cows with soft eyes, horses with silken coats, patient mules and barking dogs. And bright in the sunshine shone a cup, wet with the water of a wayside spring, borne tenderly among the people by a little child who led them.

And the multitude of men and animals swept through the gates, and gathered in the gardens as though for festival. And flowers looked up to see the light of happy faces, and trees bent down to spread their branches for the birds. Alone, from out the crowd, moved the young prince into the palace. Alone he walked through corridors and halls, down stairways and through dark recesses, to a portal iron-ribbed and barred with bolts of steel. On one side stood the knight, who sudden knelt, with shield and spear, upon the ground. And on the other stood the monk, who lifted hands and face as though in prayer. Then, without sound, the portal swung into the vault. And all was light from candles blazing like the sun on distant altars; and all was music from the voices of men and women and little children far away.

Straight to the altar walked the prince, and raised within its light the cup of water. And silence fell upon the place, and darkness like the night. Only one candle burned with steady flame upon the central shrine, and in its light the cup shone bright as gold, and the water red as wine.

"I bring thee back," the young prince whispered in the quiet room. "Behold thou art the Grail, the Holy Grail, which all men seek, and here may find, and so at last may reach

> That purest heaven; be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony;
> Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense, . . .
> So to live is heaven:
> To make undying music in the world,
> Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
> With growing sway the growing life of man.

Our Heritage of Christian Citizenship

By Samuel A. Eliot

WE LIVE in a time when it is rather the fashion to regard our New England antecedents with amusement or a kind of contempt. We are given to understand that the Puritans were just sanctimonious hypocrites, given to endless sermons and doleful psalm singing. Well, Cromwell and his Ironsides, if I remember rightly, did sing psalms to some purpose. "Arise, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered"—thus they sang, and then proceeded to scatter the said enemies. Macauley was no friend of the Puritans, but historic accuracy compelled him to confess that they were the most remarkable body of men in history. Carlyle did not share the Puritan's faith, but he declared that Puritanism was the greatest of the world's heroisms.

Of course, to many minds there seems to have been in the Puritan communities such a Spartan view of duty and such a rigorous observance of the Old Testament statutes that there is a sense of relief in our escape into a milder order and a more playful age.

Moral Virility

Some of their peculiar dogmas and methods have happily disappeared, but there was in Puritanism a moral virility and a spiritual intensity that ought to be more at work today. Those people had ideas whose glory has not faded. They believed in the sober, righteous, and godly life. They believed in the home and in family love and integrity. They believed in the direct access, unmediated by priest or form, of the human soul to God. Though there were elements in their religious faith that seem to us somber and severe, yet there is no evidence that their religion seemed to them a darksome restraint. Rather, it was a victorious experience which gave epic dignity to their otherwise insignificant lives. The statutes of God were the songs of their pilgrimage. They did not study life as a problem, they mastered it as an experience. So every new venture, every migration to alien shores and scenes, simply renewed their passion for the changelessness and timelessness of God. Their strength, let us mark—for we too often get discouraged just because we get these things wrong end to—was not so much in their confidence in their knowledge of God—that was often weak, frail, insecure—no, their strength was in their assurance of God's hold on them. That was their sufficiency. That was what impassioned their minds and hearts and energized their wills and made them steadfast and unafraid—and it might do the same for their descendants.

Let me mention just four special contributions made by the founders of New England to the welfare of our country and our race.

First. The founders of Massachusetts brought to

these shores the seeds of civil liberty. It was a great event in the history of our race when the Massachusetts Bay colony, meeting in London, voted that the charter of the company should go with the colonists and that the actual settlers should administer the affairs of the colony. That bold experiment in self-government was of the highest significance. Hitherto all colonies had been governed either by royal decree and by administrators responsible only to the crown, or by a commercial company with all the control retained by a board of directors in the old country. The Massachusetts company struck out on a new line. The settlers were to elect their own governor, councillors and representatives and to manage their own affairs. All our American ideas about "government of the people, by the people, for the people" have sprung from that prophetic act.

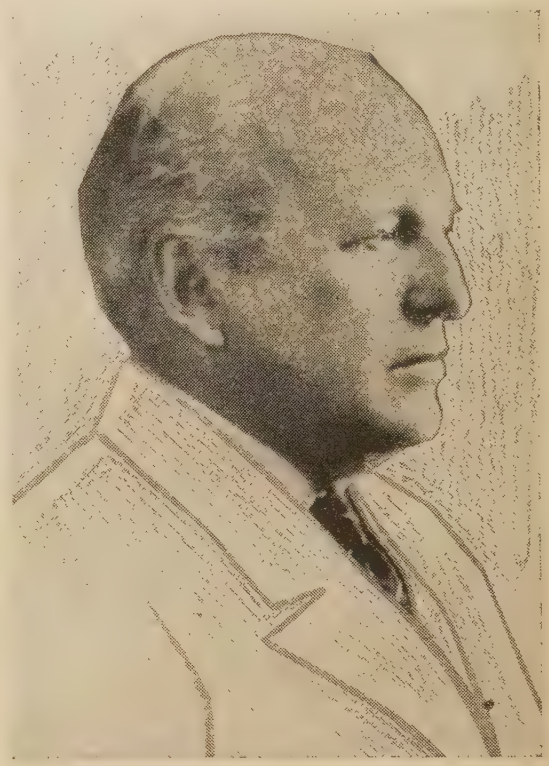
Second. We may well emphasize the fact that, save for the unique adventure of the Plymouth Pilgrims—first in many fields—the Puritan migration was the earliest attempt to found a colony on the basis of family life. For a hundred years Spaniards, Englishmen and Frenchmen had been trying to secure a foothold on the North American continent. Most of these attempts had failed because the colonies were of men only. The Puritans, like the Pilgrims, brought their wives and children with them. They intended to make their homes in the New England wilderness.

Passion for Education

Third. The founders of New England further differed from all other colonists in their exceptional love of learning and in their belief that the welfare of a free state must rest upon the education of all the people. No community in the world, then or now, ever contained so large a proportion of highly educated men. Among the first comers to Massachusetts there were no less than one hundred and seventeen university graduates. The magistrates and lay leaders were men of high standing and large experience and the ministers were learned scholars and eloquent preachers. Free schools were established in the settlement within a few months and in 1636 the general court passed a vote unparalleled in the history of mankind, when the representatives of the people voted an appropriation equal to the entire tax income of the colony for the establishment of a college. The magistrates went without pay and there were no appropriations that year for the ordinary functions of government. Every shilling went to start the college, so precious did it seem to our founders that their children should have the benefits of the higher education.

On the gate of Harvard college is written a quotation from the anonymous pamphlet called "New England's First Fruits," which sets forth in eloquent simplicity the desire of the colonists and the order of their procedure: "After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our house, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and worked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." A few years later the general court passed another memorable vote in which it decreed that every village and town in Massachusetts having more than fifty inhabitants should be required to establish a free school and maintain a competent teacher for the children. No other colony in the history of the world ever did a thing like that.

Fourth. The Massachusetts Bay colony differed from other colonies in the extraordinary character and



Samuel A. Eliot

quality of the people who came hither in the first ten years. The leaders of the Puritan migration belonged to one of the most splendid epochs of English history. Their generation was partly coeval with the Elizabethan age and partly contemporary with Cromwell and the Puritan revolution. John Winthrop was born in the year of the Spanish Armada and died in the year when Charles Stuart lost his head. The new leavening, the widening discoveries in all realms of research, the new ferment alike religious, political, literary, distilled a potent elixer which ran in the veins of that generation like fire.

Religion and Business

Massachusetts was indeed established by a commercial company whose members combined in themselves the two not incongruous elements of religious enthusiasm and business sagacity. They meant that their enterprise should be profitable for both body and soul, but the religious impulse was always paramount. There were in those people no motives of avarice, no

selfish schemes, no desire for glory or aggrandizement. They were not animated by any hostility to the Church of England—they loved it; but they wanted to see it cleansed of its corruptions and restored to its purity—a desire that brought upon them the nickname of Puritan. So they must needs start, out of their common poverty what they rather ironically, considering their condition, called a "commonwealth"—a community animated by a definite and positive religious vitality. Their ideal was a Bible commonwealth—state and church co-extensive, both permeated with the prophetic spirit and governed by the laws of Moses.

It certainly was a noble conception and the fact that it proved to be impracticable does not materially detract from the majesty of the idea and not a whit from the devotion of its promoters. If they were narrow—it was as the sword of righteousness is narrow. If they had single-track minds—it was the track of duty all the time. If they fled from persecution only to become themselves intolerant, it meant that they could not risk the safety of their enterprise by admitting to that company people of different convictions and desires, however pious and sincere. They were striving to incorporate into a working system the vision of John Milton—of the state as "one Christian man" with every member strong and healthy, with every nerve alert and every sinew taut and with Christian faith as the very breath of its frame. And if human nature in the long run was too much for them and the millennium too distant to admit of their success, yet their influence has been second to none in the making of the great republic.

Self-Respect a Puritan Trait

Mark Rutherford said that he wanted to add one more to the Beatitudes, "Blessed are they who give us back our self-respect." That is one thing we may get from communion with the spirit of the Puritans. Does the way of the good life sometimes seem steep and hard to us? Are we tired of the self-denials and self-restraints of the moral law? Are we whimpering because there are difficulties in our path, has the fog covered us so that the sense of direction is gone? Are we conscious of slackening courage and faith? Then let us renew contact with those unassuming folk whose pluck and patience, vision and self-control speak to us down the centuries. If we have thoughts unclarified, wills undetermined, powers half used, let us get into touch with that firmness of judgment, that capacity for decision, that gift for sacrifice, that endowment of loyalty, that vision of faith. We do not think now of the Puritans as theologians, or scholars, or just pioneer settlers. We think of them as the exemplars of that vitality by which God works in the world. The spirit they embodied is still our hope of progress and stability. That courage must take hold of our modern oppressions; that conscience needs to be applied to our perplexing problems; that industrious energy to our burdens of neglect; that cooperative good will to our social reconstructions; that sense of direct intercourse with a divine inspirer must be the source of our strength and peace.

Let one of our contemporary poets express for us the feeling and the assurance of the hour:

God of our fathers, who hast safely brought us
Through seas and sorrows, famine, fire, and sword;
Who, in Thy mercies manifold, has taught us
To trust in Thee, our leader and our Lord;

God, who hast sent Thy truth to shine before us,
A fiery pillar, beaconing on the sea;
God, who hast spread Thy wings of mercy o'er us;
God, who hast set our children's children free;

Freedom Thy new-born nation here shall cherish;
Grant us Thy covenant, unchanging, sure;
Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish;
Freedom and Truth immortal shall endure.

VERSE

We Thank Thee

MASTER divine,
We thank Thee for all new blessings,
For this new day
With its new opportunities of service for Thee and communion with Thee.
We thank Thee for landmarks passed
And new vistas opening ahead;
For new hope and new inspiration,
New national awakening, and new desire to serve our time and our country.

We thank Thee that, to those who love Thee,
The best is ever yet to be:
That, if we abide in Thee, we can never grow old,
For Thou, our Master, art eternally young,
Eternally radiant with the joyful energy, the freshness and buoyancy of youth.

We thank Thee for the sacred elixir of Thy Spirit,
Which wardeth forever from those who love Thee
All weariness of soul, all carking anxiety,
All discouragement in failure,
All old age of the soul.

From PRAYERS FOR USE IN AN INDIAN COLLEGE.

Seeking

WHERE the sun shines in the street
There are very many feet
Seeking God, all unaware
That their hastening is a prayer.
Perhaps these feet would deem it odd
(Who think they are on business bent)
If someone went
And told them, "You are seeking God."

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

BEFORE saying a word about the preachers in this issue, a statement in Who's Who of last month must be corrected. We said that Dr. Clarence E. Macartney was "almost" elected moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Grand Rapids. He was not only almost but altogether elected, and served with honor. The editor has written Dr. Macartney that when he attains that state of grace which will qualify him to be a Presbyterian he will take the stump to make him moderator again!

All the world knows the romantic story of the way Dr. HERBERT L. WILLETT began in the eighteen-nineties a brilliant career whose chief contribution was the carrying of the new biblical learning out of the university classroom to the public lecture hall, the chautauqua platform and the church. He opened up the scriptures afresh to clergy and laity alike with a charm and impressiveness which the years have only mellowed and enhanced. He is now pastor of the Union church of Kenilworth, a Chicago suburb. Though a teacher and a lecturer, he has always been a preacher. The prophet in him speaks in his thanksgiving sermon.

Probably all the preachers in the country are more deeply in homiletic debt to Dr. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON than to any other man since Phillips Brooks. He recently resigned as pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, after a ministry there covering 32 years. His sermon, delivered last May, is full of suggestion for Armistice Day.

An unconventional prayer, that, by Dr. SIDNEY STRONG, who used to be a Congregational pastor in Oak Park, Illinois, and Seattle, Washington. But does it not lift you up?

Rev. ALBERT PARKER FITCH *was president* of Andover Theological seminary until 1917 when he went to Amherst and later to Carleton College in Minnesota. But the pulpit called him and he became pastor of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York where the present sermon was preached.

The distinguished son of a distinguished father, the late Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT has been for many years a kind of personal common denominator for the entire Unitarian denomination. His thirty years of office as president of the American Unitarian Association symbolized but did not fully measure the extent of his leadership. He is now minister of the Arlington street Church in Boston where William Ellery Channing preached.

One of God's bravest prophets—that is Rev. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, minister of the Community Church, New York, editor of "Unity," author of many books, a pacifist who kept the faith when nearly everybody else, in Dean Inge's phrase, went stark mad into war.

That is a daring sermon by Rev. PAUL MACY, minister of Washington Congregational church, Toledo, Ohio. But it would bring a complacent congregation to wide-awake attention. Mr. Macy is a Yale and Hartford seminary man, but he evidently added to his education while a soldier in France. Incidentally, he is a trained musician and directs his own choir of thirty-five voices.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What PULPIT Readers are Preaching About

E. MERLE ADAMS, First Congregational Church, Norfolk, Neb. "The Religion of Prosperity and the Religion of Jesus." Matt. 24:4—"Take heed that no man lead you astray."

ILION T. JONES, Madison Square Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, Tex. "Christian Certitudes." 2 Tim. 1:14—"Keep the great securities of your faith intact."

WALLACE W. ANDERSON, Franklin St. Congregational Church, Manchester, N. H. "The Capture of the Soul." Jer. 20:7—"Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed."

ELMER S. FREEMAN, Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, N. Y. "The Sin of Impatience." Isa. 28:6—"He that believeth shall not be in haste."

R. E. HOUGH, Central Presbyterian Church, Jackson, Miss. "Living Dangerously." Gen. 13:12—"And Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."

SNYDER ALLEMAN, Trinity Lutheran Church, Stephens City, Va. "Tapping Spiritual Resources." John 6:27—"Work not for the food which perisheth."

WILLIAM W. KIRBY, First Presbyterian Church, Madison, S. D. "Our Storm-Tossed Generation." Eph. 4:14—"That we may be no longer children."

ARNOLD F. KELLER, Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Utica, N. Y. "The Cubic Contents of a Day." Matt. 6:34b—"Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

EDWARD J. CARSON, Ven Nest Presbyterian Church, New York City. "Character First." Matt. 6:33—"But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness."

THOMAS F. OPIE, Holy Comforter Episcopal Church, Burlington, N. C. "Colonizing for God." Phil. 3:20—"We are a colony of Heaven."

C. E. LEMMON, First Christian Church, Columbia, Mo. "Quality Christians." Rom. 12:11—"In diligence not slothful."

M. E. BOLLEN, University Baptist Church, Seattle, Wash. "The Vanishing Frontier." Luke 1:33—"Of his kingdom there shall be no frontier."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT
(Mail to The Christian Century Pulpit)

..... *Title of sermon*

..... *Text used (Write out the text)*

.....

..... *Name of minister*

..... *Name of church*

..... *Address*

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE Disciples of Christ held their general convention this year in the spirit of pentecost and in the city of Washington. The attendance was larger than that of their usual annual gatherings, but not so large as was expected. Convention hall and Constitution hall were both used for parallel evening sessions, though, as it proved, this ambitious provision was not necessary. Two objects of the denominational interest commanded attention. One was the dedication of a beautiful church at the nation's capital. The raising of a fund of $1,200,000 with which to build this church was undertaken three years ago, the appeal being made to the entire denomination. Mr. R. A. Long, lumber magnate, of Kansas City, contributed $225,000 to the project and was chairman of the building committee. The new building is an impressive structure of colonial architecture. The other object of special interest was the launching of an intensive drive to raise $8,000,000 with which to establish a pension fund for ministers. Undaunted by the business depression, this colossal effort will be made this month when for two weeks the most intensive campaign of money raising ever undertaken by a denomination in this country will have the right of way. The spirit of faith seemed to triumph over the spirit of pessimism as the convention was brought by the pension leaders to see that it is now or never. It is remarkable that the laymen appear to be more zealous for the pension system than are the ministers. But this is as it should be. The Disciples, like all the denominations, report a steady decline in missionary and benevolent receipts for the past decade. Rev. Stephen J. Corey, for many years a foreign missionary secretary, was elected president of the United Christian Missionary society for the next four years.

The Book of the Month

THE MASTER OF MEN, *An Anthology of Quotable Poems on Jesus, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York.* $2.00.

THIS is a book to keep beside you in the study, or at your bedside for morning or evening use. In the case of the minister, it is the kind of book to open—on any page—about fifteen minutes before you go into your pulpit to preach the gospel. There's only this danger: if you have prepared a sermon with a note of doubt lurking in it, or a sermon dealing with some mere academic abstraction, or a gloomy, scoldy sermon that formed itself in your mind when your digestion was bad, do not open this book before going into your pulpit unless you are willing to throw that sermon away! You cannot read what the great poets of all time have said about Jesus Christ and preach doubt or gloom or abstractions. Here are 300 of the most quotable poems about Jesus. His prismatic person—how many-sided he is! And it takes the poets to reflect back to us the gleams that they catch from him. This valuable anthology is divided into five sections: "The World Sits at the Feet of Christ," "The Way of the Cross," "Easter Day Breaks," "The Continuing Christ," and "The Crusade for Christ." Here is what my eyes fell upon when I opened Mr. Clark's book for the first time:

"No one ever plucked
A rag, even, from the body of our Lord,
To wear and mock with, but despite himself
He looked the greater and was the better."

A Thought for the Month

IN OUR Christian emphasis upon the principle of self-sacrifice, I wonder if we have not allowed ourselves to disregard the equally Christian principle of self-culture, or self-attainment. Here as everywhere in the moral sphere, a particular virtue is balanced by its opposite. It is easier to see that self-giving for others is a fundamental law of spirituality than that self-restraint is such a law. Much self-giving is futile, and even cheap, because the giver does not possess a self that is worth much when it is given. The value of our devotion to great causes and to our friends is measured by the strength and richness of our own personality. The development of our personality is just as truly a Christian duty as is the sacrifice of our personal interests. Many a mother devotes herself with such servile self-sacrifice to her children that when they grow up she suddenly awakens to the fact that she has not grown with them, that they are out of the bounds of her companionship. This is not only too high a price to pay for their upbringing, but in normal cases is quite unnecessary. More than anything she can *do* for her children is what she *is* in herself. Many a pastor is wearing himself out in self-sacrifice for his flock, at the cost of his own intellectual and personal culture. After all, the best thing he can do for his people is to be his own highest and richest self. In the every day walk of life the finest thing we can give to others who walk by our side is the confidence, the freedom, the peace and the strength of our own soul. The distressed need our sympathy, and they need our outstretched hand. But they need even more the simple presence and equal companionship of one who unselfishly has grown into a rich and noble personality. It was not the sheer fact of self-sacrifice that made Jesus the world's redeemer; it was the kind of self that he sacrificed. He washed his disciples' feet; but John in telling us about it says that he did so because he knew that he came from God and went to God. It was not the act of a servant, but of a king.

Charles Clayton Morrison

Coming next month—an unusual Christmas Issue

The DECEMBER Issue will contain

Seven Sermons on

JESUS

These sermons, by well-known preachers and less-well-known preachers who are worthy of being better known, will stress the importance of restudying the personality and message of Jesus with a view to making over our civilization after his ideals. These sermons are surcharged with a spirit of faith and loyalty to the Master. The Bethlehem note will be sounded, but the high note of all the messages is that Jesus' way of life is the way of life for these times!

Furthermore, the devotional note will be dominant in the sermons. One sermon is by Dr. William Adams Brown, on the theme, "What Jesus Means to Me." And there are six others of equal interest and suggestiveness.

The JANUARY Issue will be a

"Young Ministers' Number"

All the sermons included will be contributed by young men who have graduated from the seminaries within the past five years.

WHILE the Pulpit endeavors to present each month a number of sermons for the "high days," its primary and ruling purpose is to publish *good gospel sermons* from the week-by-week preaching of present day ministers. Every issue furnishes inspiration for your own sermons.

SERMON-MAKERS will find of especial interest and value the new department, "TITLES AND TEXTS," which not only indicate what ministers are preaching about, but also suggest new lines of thought to be followed by other sermon-makers.

AS A MIRROR of current preaching, The Christian Century Pulpit is invaluable. What kind of sermons are being preached in American and British pulpits? On what themes? Of what character — homiletic, or devotional, or timely — the Pulpit tells you from month to month.

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APPROVED!

"Just a word of appreciation and thanks for such messages as those by J. D. Jones and Clarence E. Macartney in the October issue."—*Arthur F. Wells, Northminster Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md.*

"Accept my sincere thanks for the high level and discriminating character of the sermons used during the entire first year of the Pulpit. This is real leadership to the pulpit of America in an hour of need for the best preaching."—*Clarence W. Kemper, The Baptist Temple, Charleston, W. Va.*

"The Pulpit is doing just the work it started out to do. Your journal is a positive inspiration."—*C. F. W. Smith, Pekin, Ill.*

"The Christian Century Pulpit has made a real contribution to our religious life and development. It means much to know what other ministers are doing in their pulpits."—*Harry C. Kuhnert, Grand Avenue Congregational Church, Milwaukee, Wis.*

"I have found the Pulpit sermons stimulating, challenging and inspiring—accurately representative of every phase and aspect of theological thought in our country, both fundamental and liberal, orthodox and heterodox."—*Edward H. Jones, Presbyterian Church, Gettysburg, Pa.*

"I wish to congratulate you on the Pulpit. It has been most stimulating; it acquaints one with great contemporary preaching. I hope for its universal circulation."—*Frank H. Kennedy, Church of Christ, Tiffin, Ohio.*

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"There are an irreducible few magazines one must read, and keep, and read again: to this category belongs The Christian Century Pulpit."—*Charles Mantinband, Congregation Beth Hasholm, Williamsport, Pa.*

"The Pulpit—a year of it—has shown me how vital and dynamic a sermon can be."—*J. Resler Shultz, First Methodist Church, Tilton, N. H.*

"Truly, the Pulpit is a real contribution to our church life."—*W. S. J. Dunvill, St. Luke's Rectory, Mount Joy, Pa.*

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